Lady Agailia. Yes, mamma!
Duchess of Berwick. [Aside.] Did Mr. Hopper definitely----------
Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.
Duchess of Berwick. And what answer did you give him. dear child?
Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.
Duchess of Berwick. [Affectionately..] My dear one! You always say the right thing. Mr. Hopper I James! Agatha has told me everything. How cleverly you have both kept your secret!
Hopper. You don't mind my taking Agatha off to Australia, then, Duchess?
Duchess of Berwick. [Indignantly.] To Australia? Oh, don't mention that dreadful vulgar place.
Hopper. But she said she'd like to come with me.
Duchess of Berwick. [Severely.} Did you say that, Agatha?
Lady Agatha. Yes, mamma.
Duchess of Bencick. Agatha, you say the most silly things possible. I think on the whole that Grosvenor Square would be a more healthy place to reside in. There are lots of vulgar people live in Grosvenor Square, but at any rat^e there are no horrid kangaroos crawling about. But we'll talk about that to-morrow. James, you can take Agatha down. You'll come to lunch, of course, James. At half-past one, instead of two. The Duke will wish to say a few words to you, I am sure.
Hopper. I should like to have a chat with the Duke, Ducbess. He has not said a single word to me yet.
Duchess of Berwick. I think you'll find he will have a great deal to say to you to-morrow. *[Exit Lady Agatha with Mr. Hopper.']* And now good night, Margaret. I'm afraid it's the old, old story, dear. Love—well, not love at first sight^ but love at the end of the season, which is so much more satisfactory.
Lady Windermere. Good night, Duchess.
[Eocit the Duchess of Berwick on Lord Paisley's arm.
Lady Plymdale. My dear Margaret, what a handsome woman your husband has been dancing with! I should be quite jealous if I were you! Is she a great friend of yours ?
Lady Windermere, No!
Lady Plymdale. Really? Good night, dear.
[Looks at Mr. Dumby and exit.
Dumby. Awful manners young Hopper has J